

VOYAGES
OF
REV. FATHER EMMANUEL CRESPEL,
IN
CANADA,
AND HIS
SHIPWRECK,
WHILE RETURNING TO FRANCE.

PUBLISHED BY
SIEUR LOUIS CRESPEL,
HIS BROTHER.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MEYN.
1742.

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DEDICATION.

To His Excellency, Don Christopher de Portocarrero, Guzman Luna, Pacheco, Enriquez de Almanza, Funez de Villalpando, Aragon and Monrey; Count of Montijo, Lord of the town of Moquer; Marquis of Algava, Villanueva del Fresno and of Barcarota; Count of Fuentidueña; Marquis of Valderabano, Ossera, and Castañeda; Lord of the towns of Adrada, Guetordaxar, Vierlas, Crespa and Palacios; Grand Marshal of Castile; Grand Bailli of Seville; Hereditary Governor of the Castle and Fortress of Guadix; Principal Captain of the Perpetual Company of a Hundred Gentlemen attached to the House of Castile; Gentleman of the Chamber to His Catholic Majesty; President of the Supreme Council of the Indies; Grand Esquire of the Queen; Knight of the Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece; Grandee of Spain; Ambassador Extraordinary of His Catholic Majesty to His Imperial Majesty:

MY LORD,—In presenting the work to your Excellency, I venture to assure you that the subject is truly worthy of you. The obedience and submission of Abraham to the orders of Providence, the zeal and courage of Moses, in leading the Israelites into the desert, the patience and resignation of Job, in suffering the evils by which God wished to try him, and—what is more admi-

nable—the vigilance, and especially the charity, without which St. Paul deemed himself nothing, are displayed in the course of this relation which I present to Your Excellency.

Can so many virtues displease Your Lordship, who admires them in others, and who, ever disposed to practise them, merit having them admired in yourself?

This work belongs, then, to Your Excellency, and should belong to no other. I do my duty in dedicating it to you, and what pleasure have I not in doing my duty?

This would be the place, My Lord, to do justice to all the qualities which so advantageously distinguish Your Excellency's mind and heart; but I fear to wound that modesty which renders these qualities still more admirable.

I shall content myself, then, My Lord, with saying, that all who have the honor to belong to you, bless every instant of the day which crowned their felicity in bringing them to Your Excellency.

Their attachment is your eulogy, the only one worthy of men who, like you, My Lord, make it an occupation to complete the happiness of those who belong to you.

This is not all, My Lord. No one can know you without gladly paying a tribute of his heart and admiration; the tribute we cannot but pay to virtue.

May Your Excellency, then, be ever like yourself; may you, for the glory of your august Master, and the good of your country, be ever in the ministry, which you discharge with so much distinction. Men like you, My Lord, should never die, and death could do nothing against Your Excellency, if public desires were accomplished.

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For myself, My Lord, what thanks do I not owe
Father Crespel, my brother, for having enabled me to
tell the world that all my wishes centre in desiring
Your Excellency's preservation; and beg you to accept
the most profound respect with which

I have the honor to be, My Lord,

Your Excellency's most humble and

Most obedient servant,

LOUIS CRESPEL.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS work would surely need no preface, had the author intended it for publication ; but, as his only aim in writing was to satisfy my curiosity, I cannot forbear giving the reader my reasons for publishing it. I had shown the manuscript to several persons whom taste and talent distinguish more than their rank and birth ; all advised me to present it, assuring me that the public would thank me for doing so. My affection for my brother, and my desire of pleasing the public, convinced me that I ought to follow this counsel ; I hope my ready acquiescence will not be treated as folly or blindness. At all events, my motives were laudable, and I am sure of finding favor with those who do not seek to cast ridicule on men's intentions.

I also believe that I should tell how and for what reason these letters were written ; this will be an excuse for Father Crespel, my brother, if his style seems to deserve censure, and if he does not seem to enter into sufficient detail.

I had long pressed him to tell me what had happened to him in his voyages ; for several months he resisted ; but, wearied doubtless with my frequent importunity, he sent me, by one of my brothers now in Russia, a Relation which I found too succinct. I complained of

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his indolence in drawing me up only a journal ; I asked
him for something more circumstantial, and, to induce
him not to refuse me, I told him—what was true—that
many persons to whom I had read his letter, regretted
that he had made it so short, and that they had begged
me to entreat him to send me a more detailed Relation
of his travels in the New World, and his shipwreck
while returning to France ; he yielded to my wish, and
during his stay at Paderborn, wrote the letters which I
publish.

It would be wronging my brother to suspect him of
exaggeration in his narrative. Those by whom he has
the honor of being known, are aware what a lover of
truth he is, and that he would die sooner than betray or
disguise it ; moreover, the character with which he is
invested does not suppose an impostor, and I can say
that my brother has never rendered himself unworthy
of it. Lastly, there are still many companions of his
travels and his shipwreck ; would an honest man expose
himself to be contradicted by one who underwent the
same fatigues, and ran the same dangers ? It is all that
one interested in imposing could do, and even he
would expose himself only tremblingly, and in a coun-
try remote from all who could expose his knavery.

When I had the pleasure of seeing my brother in
this city, at the passage of the French army, com-
manded by Marshal de Mailleboy, I had no little trouble
in obtaining his permission to publish the letters ; they
were written for me alone ; and it is known that,
among brothers, no ceremony exists. My proposition
at first shocked him. All men have their share of self-
love ; they do not like to speak before all the world

as they speak to their friends; the fear of finding critics makes them labor with much more care on works intended for the public, and it is rendering one's self criminal in their eyes to expose to broad day what was made only to be seen privately. My brother, however, at last gave way. I showed him that a man in his state should lay aside all self-love; and I promised him, at the same time, to make known his repugnance to offering a work which he deemed unworthy of him. He allowed me then to publish his Relation, on my giving my word that I would neither add nor retrench any circumstance. I was far from thinking otherwise; so that all may rest assured that all they are about to read is conformable to the most exact truth, and that no one may alter it by imagined additions, or impose on the public, I shall take care to sign all copies which agree with the original.

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CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGES AND SHIPWRECKS OF FATHER EMMANUEL CRESPEL.

RECOLLECT MISSIONARY IN NEW YORK, CANADA, AND THE WEST.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You have so long evinced a desire to know the details of the voyage I formerly made to Canada, that fearing to give you grounds for suspecting my friendship, if I continued to decline acceding to your desire, I directed one of my brothers to send you a relation of all that befel me. You tell me that you have received it, and, at the same time, complain that it is too succinct, and that you would be glad to have it more detailed. I love you too well not to make it a pleasure to please you, but I will divide my relation into several letters. A single one would be too long, and would doubtless tire you. The mind does not always keep pace with the heart. I would perhaps become tedious if I spoke too long of other subjects than our friendship.

Do not expect to find this relation sustained by elevation of style, force of expression, and varied imagery; these graces of genius are not natural to me, and besides scarcely suit anything but fiction. Truth has no need of ornament, to be relished by those who really love it;

it is even difficult to recognize it, when presented with the dress usually thrown around the false to give it some resemblance to her.

You must remember, that towards the close of the year 1723, I was still at Avesnes, in Haynaut; I then received, from my Superiors, permission to go to the New World, as I had long asked to do, and indeed, it would have been a great mortification had I been refused.

I set out, then, on the 25th of January, 1724; passing by Cambray, I had the pleasure of embracing you, and, on arriving at Paris, took an obedience from the Rev. Father Julian Guesdron, Provincial of St. Denis, on whom the missions of New France depend.

It would be useless to speak to you of Paris; you know it better than I, and you know by experience that it deserves, in every way, to be the first city in the world.

On the first of May, I started for Rochelle, which I reached on the 18th of that month. I did not make a long stay there, for, after providing all that was necessary for the voyage, I embarked on the King's vessel, the Chameau, commanded by the naval lieutenants, de Tilly and Meschain.

The 24th of July, the day that we set sail, was marked by the death of Mr. Robert, just going out as Intendant of Canada. He was a gallant fellow, apparently endowed with every quality needed to fill worthily the post confided to him.

After a rather pleasant voyage of two months and a half, we arrived before Quebec; I remained there till 1726, and remarked nothing in particular, beyond what

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travellers say, and what you may read in their accounts.
On the 17th of March, in the year of my departure
from Quebec, Mr. de la Croix de St. Valier, Bishop of
that city, conferred the priesthood on me, and soon
after gave me a mission or parish called Sorel, south of
the St. Lawrence, between Three Rivers and Montreal.

I was taken from my parish, where I had spent two
years, to become chaplain of a party of four hundred
French, whom the Marquis de Beauharnois had united
with eight or nine hundred Indians of every kind of
nation. There were especially, Iroquois, Hurons, Nep-
issings and Ottawas, to whom the Rev. Mr. Pellet,
secular priest, and Father de la Bretonniere, Jesuit,
acted as chaplains. These troops commanded by Mr.
de Lignerles, were commissioned to go and destroy a
nation called the Foxes, whose chief village lay about
four hundred and fifty leagues from Montreal.

We set out on the 5th of June, 1728, and for nearly
one hundred and fifty leagues, ascended the great river
which bears the name of the Ottawas, and which is full
of rapids and portages. We left it at Matawan, to
take another leading to Lake Nipissing, or Mipissing;
this river was thirty leagues long, and, like the Ottawa,
it is interrupted by rapids and portages. From this
river we entered the lake, which is about eight leagues
wide, and from this lake, French River quickly bore
us into Lake Huron, into which it empties, after a rapid
course of over thirty leagues.

As it is impossible for many to go together on these
little rivers, it was agreed that those who went first
should wait for the others at the entrance of Lake Huron,
at a place called Laprairie, and which is, in fact, a

very beautiful prairie. Here, for the first time, I saw the deadly rattle-snake; when I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall speak more particularly of these animals; enough be it for the present, to say that none of our party were troubled by them.

As we had all come up by the 26th of July, I celebrated Mass, which I had deferred till then, and the next day we started for Michillima, or Missillima Kinac, which is a post situated between Lakes Huron and Michigan. Although we had a hundred leagues to make, the wind was so favorable that we reached it in less than six days. Here we remained some time to repair what had been damaged on the rapids and portages. I here blessed the standards, and buried some soldiers whom sickness or fatigue had carried off.

On the 10th of August, we set out from Michillimakinac, and entered Lake Michigan. The wind which detained us there two days, enabled our Indians to go to hunt; they brought back some moose and reindeer, and were polite enough to offer us some. We at first excused ourselves, but they forced us to accept their present, and told us, that, as we had shared with them the dangers of the route, it was fair that they should share with us the good things they had found; and that they would not deem themselves men, if they acted otherwise towards other men. This speech, which one of our men translated for me, quite moved me. What humanity in savages! how many men in Europe would better deserve the name of barbarian than these Americans!

This generosity of our Indians merited, on our part, indeed, a lively gratitude, for, as we had met no good

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pelled to eat only pork; the moose and reindeer they
gave us relieved us from the disgust we were beginning
to feel for our ordinary food.

On the 14th of the same month, we continued our
route to the Chicago bend, and, while crossing thence
to Deathcape, which is five leagues off, a squall sur-
prised us, and drove on shore several of the canoes which
failed to double a point and reach shelter. They were
dashed to pieces, and we were obliged to distribute in
the other canoes the men who, by the greatest happiness
in the world, had all escaped the danger.

The next day, we crossed to the Menomonees to
invite the tribe to oppose our landing; they fell into
the trap, and were entirely defeated.

We encamped, on the following day, at the mouth of
a river called la Gasparde. Here our Indians entered
the woods, and soon brought in several deer; this game
is very common at this place, and we accordingly laid
in a stock for some days.

On the 17th, at noon, we halted till evening, so as
to reach the Post at Green Bay only at night. We
wished to surprise the enemy, whom we knew to be
among the Sacs, their allies, whose village is near Fort
St. Francis. We began our march in darkness, and at
midnight reached the mouth of Fox river, where our
fort is built. As soon as we got there, Mr. De Lignerie
sent some Frenchmen to the Commandant to know
whether there were really any of the enemy in the Sac
village, and, learning that there must be, he sent all his
Indians, and a detachment of the French, over the river
to surround the village, and ordered the rest of the

troops to enter it. With all our precautions to conceal our approach, the enemy were aware of it, and all escaped but four. These were made a present to our Indians, who, after amusing themselves with them, shot them to death with arrows.

I witnessed with pain this horrible sight, and could not reconcile with the sentiments of the Indians as expressed a few days before the pleasure they took in tormenting these wretches by making them undergo a hundred deaths before depriving them of life. I would have liked to ask them whether they did not perceive as well as I this contrariety, and show them what I saw blamable in their course, but all who could act as interpreters for me were on the other side of the river, and I was obliged to defer satisfying my curiosity to some other time.

After this little *coup de main*, we ascended Fox River, which is full of rapids, and has a course of thirty-five or forty leagues. On the 24th of August, we reached the Winnebago village, well disposed to destroy all whom we should find there, but their flight had preceded our arrival, and all we could do was to burn their cabins, and ravage their fields of Indian corn which affords them their principal nourishment.

We then crossed Little Fox Lake, at the end of which we encamped, and, the next day, the feast of St. Louis, we entered, after mass, into a little river which led us to a kind of marsh, on the bank of which lies the chief village of those whom we sought. Their allies, the Sacs, had doubtless warned them of our approach; they did not think proper to await us, and we found in their village only some women, of whom

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our Indians made slaves, and an old man whom they
burnt at the stake, without any apparent repugnance at
the commission of such a barbarous action.

This cruelty seemed more marked to me than that
which they had exercised against the four Indians
whom they had taken in the Sac town. I availed my-
self of this occasion and circumstance to satisfy the curi-
osity which I mentioned a moment ago.

One of our Frenchmen understood the Iroquois
language. I begged him to tell the Indians that I
was surprised to see them take so much pleasure in
tormenting a wretched old man, that the right of war
did not extend so far, and that such barbarity seemed
to me to belie the principles which they had seemed
to entertain for all men. An Iroquois answered,
and, to justify his comrades, said that, when they fell
into the hands of the Sacs and Foxes, they received
still more cruel treatment, and that it was their cus-
tom to treat their enemies as they themselves would
be treated if conquered.

I would have wished to know this Indian's language
to show him myself what was defective and blamable in
his reasoning; but I had to content myself with repre-
senting to him that nature, and particularly religion,
required us to be humane to each other; that modera-
tion should direct us in every thing; that the pardon
and oblivion of injuries done us is a virtue whose prac-
tice is expressly enjoined by Heaven; that I conceived
that they ought not to spare the Sacs and Foxes, but
that they should deprive them of life only as rebels and
enemies of the State, and not as their private enemies;
that their vengeance was criminal; that to descend to

such excesses as those into which they had fallen with regard to the five men whose lives they had inhumanly prolonged in order to put them to death in more cruel torments was, in some sort, to justify the barbarity with which they reproached their enemies; that the right of war simply permitted us to take an enemy's life, and not, so to say, to become drunk in his blood, and to plunge him into despair, by putting him to death in any way but that of arms, or in any place but that of the combat; lastly, that it was their duty to give the Sacs and Foxes an example of that moderation which is the part of a good heart, and which draws admiration and love on the Christian religion, and consequently on those who profess it.

I do not know whether my interpreter translated all that I have just said, but the Indian would never admit that he acted on a false principle; I was going to give him some further reasons when the order was given to advance against the enemy's last fort. This post is situated on the banks of a little river, which joins another called Wisconsin, and falls into the Mississippi, thirty leagues off.

We found no one there, and, as we had no orders to go further, we spent some days in laying the country waste, so as to cut off from the enemy all means of subsistence. This country is fine enough: the soil is fertile, game common, and of good flavor; the nights are very cold, and the day extremely hot. I will speak to you, in my second letter, of my return to Montreal, and of what happened down to my departure for France. I wish first to hear from you, and learn whether you find this sufficiently detailed. The sequel

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of my relation will depend on your answer, and I shall omit nothing to prove the tender friendship with which I am, dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, January 10th, 1742.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Nothing can be more flattering to my self-love than your answer. My first letter, you say, has satisfied many intelligent persons to whom you showed it, and excited their curiosity to such a degree that they are extremely impatient to see the rest of my travels. This desire, of which I feel all the advantage, might injure me if I delayed to gratify it. Things too long expected lose their value, and no one should fear this more than myself.

After the expedition of which I have spoken, if, indeed, we can give that name to an absolutely useless step, we resumed the route for Montreal, from which city we were about four hundred and fifty leagues distant. On our way, we burnt the fort at the bay, because, being too near the enemy, it would not have been a safe retreat to the French left on guard there. The Foxes, roused by the ravage of their country, and convinced that we would not venture a second time into their territory in the uncertainty of finding them, would have obliged our troops to shut themselves up in the fort, would have attacked, and perhaps beaten them there. When we were at Micheillemakinak, the

commandant gave a carte-blanche to all. We had still three hundred leagues to go, and we should undoubtedly have run out of provisions, if we had not used every effort to expedite our movements. The wind favored us in passing Lake Huron, but we had almost constant rain while ascending French river, traversing Lake Nipissing, and on the little river Matawan; it stopped when we entered the Ottawa. I cannot express the rapidity with which we descended that great river; imagination alone can form a just idea. As I was with men whom experience had rendered skilful in shooting the rapids, I was not among the last at Montreal, which I reached on the 28th of September, and left only in the spring, in obedience to an order given me to descend to Quebec.

I had no sooner arrived in that city than our commissary appointed me to the post of Niagara, a new establishment, with a fortress situated at the entrance of a beautiful river that bears the same name, and which is formed by the famous falls of Niagara, south of Lake Ontario, and six leagues from our fort. I accordingly again bent my way to Montreal, and thence passed to Frontenac or Catarakouy, which is a fort built at the entrance of Lake Ontario. Although it is only eighty leagues from Montreal, we were fifteen days in reaching it on account of the rapids we had to pass. There we waited some time for favorable winds; for, at this place, we leave the canoes to take a vessel which the king has had built expressly to run to Niagara. This vessel, which gauges about eighty tons, is very light, and sometimes makes her trip, which is seventy leagues, in less than thirty-six hours. The lake is very

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that city than our commis- of Niagara, a new estab- ated at the entrance of a e same name, and which ills of Niagara, south of from our fort. I accord- ontréal, and thence passed y, which is a fort built ario. Although it is only l, we were fifteen days in e rapids we had to pass. for favorable winds; for, noes to take a vessel which oressly to run to Niagara. about eighty tons, is very her trip, which is seventy x hours. The lake is very

safe, free from shoals, and very deep; about the middle I sounded with nearly a hundred fathoms of line, but could not touch bottom; its width is about thirty leagues, and its length ninety.

We set sail the 22d of July, and reached our post on the morning of the 27th. I found the spot very agreeable, the chase and fishery are productive, the forest of extreme beauty and full, especially of walnut, chestnut, oak, elm and maple, such as we never see in France.

The fever soon damped the pleasure we enjoyed at Niagara, and troubled us till fall set in, which dissipated the unhealthy *air*. We spent the winter calmly enough, I may say agreeably, had not the vessel, which should have brought us supplies, been compelled, after standing a terrible tempest on the lake, to put back to Frontenac, and left us under the necessity of drinking nothing but water.

As the season was far advanced, it did not venture to set sail again, and we got our supplies only on the first of May.

From Martinmas the failure of wine prevented my saying Mass, but, as soon as the vessel got in, the garrison went to their Easter duties, and I started for Detroit on the invitation of a religious of my order, who was missionary there. It is a hundred leagues from Niagara to this post, which is situated six leagues from the entrance of a very beautiful river, about fifteen leagues from the extremity of Lake Erie.

This lake, which may be a hundred leagues long, and some thirty wide, is very flat, and consequently bad when the wind is high; towards the north, above the Great Point d' Ecorres, it is bounded by very high sand

hills; so that, if surprised by the winds in portions where there is no landing-place, and these are only every three leagues, experience has shown that the vessel must infallibly be lost.

I arrived at Detroit on the 17th day after my departure; the religious whom I went to visit, (Father Bonaventure,) received me in a manner which wonderfully characterized the pleasure we usually feel on finding a countryman in a far country; add to this, we were of the same order, and the same motive had led us from our native land. I was, therefore, dear to him, for more reasons than one, and he neglected nothing to show me how pleased he was with my visit. He was a man a little older than myself, and highly esteemed for the success of his apostolic labors. His house was agreeable and commodious; it was, so to speak, his own work, and the abode of virtues.

The time not employed in the duties of his office, he divided between study and the labors of the field; he had some books and the selection he had made gave some idea of his purity of life and extensive knowledge. The language of the country was quite familiar to him, and the ease with which he spoke it, endeared him to many Indians who communicated to him their reflections on all sorts of matters, and especially on religion. Affability wins confidence, and no one deserved it more than this religious.

He had carried his complaisance towards some of the people of Detroit, so far as to teach them French. Among these, I found several whose good sense, solid and profound judgment, would have made them admirable men, even in France, had their minds been culti-

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vated by study. During the whole time I spent with
this religious, I found daily new reasons to envy him a
lot like his. In one word, he was as happy as men
should be not to blush at their happiness.

After doing, at Detroit, what had led me thither, I
returned to Niagara, and remained there two years more;
during this time I learned the Iroquois and Ottawa lan-
guages, in order to converse with the people. This
study at first afforded me the pleasure of conversing
with the Indians, when I went to walk in the neighbor-
hood of the post; in the sequel you will see that it was
of great use to me, and actually saved my life.

When my three years' residence at Niagara had ex-
pired, I was relieved according to custom, and went to
spend the winter in our convent at Quebec.

It was a great comfort for me to pass that rigorous
season there; if we had not what is superfluous, at
least we never wanted what is necessary, and, what is
not the least consolation, we receive news from home,
and have persons to converse with.

Early in the spring, the chaplain of Fort Frontenac
fell sick, and our Commissary appointed me to go and
take his place. I have already spoken of the situation
of this post; we live agreeably there, and game is found
in abundance in the marshes, by which Fort Frontenac
is surrounded.

I remained here only two years, when I was recalled
to Montreal, and soon after sent to Crown Point in Lake
Champlain. It will not be amiss, I think, to tell you
why this point bears the name of Crown or Scalp.
When the Indians kill any one on their expeditions, it
is their custom to take off his scalp, which they bring

in on top of a pole, to prove that they have defeated the enemy. This ceremony, or, if you like, this custom, began on this point, after a kind of combat, in which many Indians lost their scalps, which gave name to the place where the battle was fought.

Lake Champlain is some fifty-five leagues long ; it is studded with very beautiful islands, and its water, which is very pure, makes it abound in fish. The fort which we have in this place, bears the name of St. Frederic ; its situation is advantageous, for it is built on an elevated point about fifteen leagues distant, northerly from the extremity of the lake ; it is the key of the colony on that side, that is to say, on the side of the English, who are only twenty or thirty leagues off.

I arrived there, on the 17th of November, 1735. The season, which began to be severe, multiplied the difficulties of our way ; it is one of the most painful I ever made in Canada, if I except my shipwreck, as you may judge.

The day of my departure from Chambly, a post about forty leagues from St. Frederic, we were obliged to sleep out, and during the night about a foot of snow fell. The winter continued as it set in, and, although we were lodged, we did not suffer less than if we were in the open fields. The building where they put us was not yet finished ; we were only partially sheltered from the rain, and the walls, which were twelve feet thick, having been finished only a few days, added still more to our troubles which the snow and rain gave us. Many of our soldiers were seized with scurvy, and our eyes became so sore, that we were afraid of losing our sight without resource. We were not better fed

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five leagues long; it is lands, and its water, which in fish. The fort which the name of St. Frederic; or it is built on an elevated point, northerly from the key of the colony on the side of the English, who comes off.

7th of November, 1735. The severe, multiplied the one of the most painful I saw my shipwreck, as you

from Chambly, a post near Frederic, we were obliged to dig about a foot of snow as it set in, and, although we suffer less than if we were in the building where they put us, we are only partially sheltered, which were twelve feet only a few days, added still the snow and rain gave us. We were seized with scurvy, and at that time we were afraid of losing life. We were not better fed

than lodged. Scarcely can you find a few partridges near the fort, and, to eat venison, you must go to Lake George to find it, and that is seven or eight leagues off.

We finished our buildings as soon as the season would permit, but we preferred to camp out in summer, rather than remain any longer.

Yet we were not more at ease, for the fever surprised us all, and not one of us could enjoy the pleasures of the country.

This state, I avow, began to be tedious, when, towards the month of August, I received from my provincial, an obedience to return to France. The religious whom our Commissary sent to relieve me, was of our province, and Peter Verquillé by name; he arrived on the 21st of September, 1736, at St. Frederic, and I set out the same day at four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

The next day, we had a favorable wind, which drove us on to La Pointe, about eight leagues from Chambly.

On the 23d, we were well-nigh lost in shooting the St. Teresa rapids; this was the last danger I ran before reaching Quebec, where I expected to embark at once for France.

Such, my dear brother, is a brief account of my travels in a part of New France. Those who have travelled in that country can see that I know the ground, and, in this, I have endeavored to be accurate. The relations of many travellers tell us a thousand things which I could only repeat after them; in writing my travels, my design was only to detail the shipwreck I suffered on my way back to France. The circumstances attending it are most interesting; prepare your heart for emotion and sadness; what remains for me to write

will excite your curiosity only by heightening your compassion ; do not blush at indulging in it, dear brother ; a noble heart is ever sensible to the misfortunes of others ; he who would be unmoved by the miseries of his brethren, bears, so to speak, a stamp of reprobation which justly cuts him off from human society.

I shall write you some weeks hence ; do not answer this, as I must go some leagues from this town, your letter might not reach me, and I do not wish to risk its loss.

Do not be impatient for my third, I shall write some pages every day ; rely on my word, and believe that I shall be, for life,

My dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, January 30, 1742.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—It is not a fortnight since I sent you my second letter ; you must see, by my diligence in writing the third, that I do not wish to keep you waiting for the sequel of my narrative. If I were master of all my time, my letters would be longer and more frequent ; but duty must be preferred to all else, and I can only afford you the hours not taken up by the indispensable duties of my state

I remained some time at Quebec, awaiting an opportunity to return to France ; two offered at once ; the first in the king's vessel, Le Héros, of which I did not

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ce; two offered at once; the
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avail myself; the other was offered me by the Sieur de
Freneuse, a Canadian sprung from the noble family of
the d'Amours; the friendship that existed between us
induced me to accept his offer with pleasure, and I
could not refuse his request that I should act as chap-
lain. He was a very fine man, whom an experience of
forty-six years had rendered most skilful in navigation;
and Messrs. Pacaud, Treasurers of France, and shippers
at Rochelle, had thought it impossible to confide their
ship *La Renommée*, to better hands. It was a new ves-
sel, a good sailer, convenient, with a cargo of three
hundred tons, and armed with fourteen pieces of cannon.

Several gentlemen, for security and pleasure, asked to
go with us, so that we were fifty-four on the vessel.

We weighed anchor and set sail on the third of
November, with several other vessels, and we all
anchored together at Trou St. Patrice, three leagues
from Quebec.

The next day we made the traverse, that is to say,
we crossed the St. Lawrence from south to north, and
the same day we reached the end of Isle Orleans, nine
miles from Quebec, and anchored off Cape Maillard.

On the 5th, we hoisted sail to pass the Gouffre, but
we were unable to do so on that day, and were com-
pelled to put back to the spot from which we had started,
to avoid being carried away by the current, which runs
towards that point from a considerable distance.

We were more fortunate next day, for we passed this
Gouffre without accident, as did the Sieur Veillon, who
commanded a brigantine for Martinique, and who, like
ourselves, had been unable to pass the day before.

The ships with which we had set sail, had passed at

the first attempt, so that we were without company, and cast anchor at La Prairie, near Isle aux Coudres.

On the 7th, we continued our route to Isle aux Lievres, and thence to Mathan, where a slight northerly wind arose, on which our captain, who knew its fury at that season, avowed that we had everything to fear. He, accordingly, deemed it best to find a roadstead, that is to say, a suitable place to shelter us against the coming storm. The winds, soon after, obliged us to tack, and the next day, the 11th of the month, towards eight in the evening, they veered to N. N. E., N. E., E. N. E., E., and at last, to S. S. E., and then continued in that quarter for two days. During all this time we tacked about along Isle Anticosti, with reefed topsails; but as soon as the winds veered to S. S. W., we steered S. E. by E. and S. E., till the morning of the 14th. On that day, we endeavored to make the shore, but went aground a quarter of a league from land, on the point of a shoal of flat rocks, about eight leagues from the southern point of Isle Anticosti.

Our ship now struck so frequently, that we expected every moment to see it open under us. The time must have been bad, and the sailors in despair of our safety, since all refused to give a hand in reefing the sails and freeing the masts, although the strain they gave the ship was evidently hurrying on our ruin. The water rushed in in torrents; fear had deprived half of all presence of mind, and the general disorder seemed to announce our death.

But for our cannoneer, our situation would have been much more frightful; he ran to the bread chest, and, though the water had already reached it, he threw

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out a part between decks; he thought, too, that some
guns, a barrel of powder, and a case of cartridges,
would become necessary, in case we escaped the danger
we were actually in; all this he had carried up. His
precaution was not useless, and, but for it, I would not
have the consolation of writing to you, my dear broth-
ers. The sea was as violent as the wind, neither dimin-
ishing in the least; the waves had carried away our
rudder, and we were obliged to cut away our mizen-mast
to throw it overboard. We then let down our boat,
taking every precaution to keep it ahead, so as to pre-
vent its being driven against the ship and dashed to
pieces; the sight of death, and hope of deferring it,
gave courage to all; and, although we were sure of
being miserable in that desert island for some months at
least, each thought he would gain much by exposing
himself to everything to save his life.

After getting our boat afloat, we suspended it on the
davits, in order to embark all we had more easily, and
get a wide berth as soon as possible to save ourselves from
the heavy sea, which would, perhaps, have driven us on
the vessel, if we had not got off with speed. But it is
in vain for men to rely on their prudence; when God
lays his heavy hand upon them, all their precautions are
useless.

We entered the long boat to the number of twenty,
and, at that instant, the pulley of the fore davit gave
way; judge of our situation! the boat remained hang-
ing by the stern, and, of those in it, several fell into the
sea; others clung to the sides, and some, by means of
ropes, hanging over the ship's sides, got on board again.

The captain, seeing the disaster, cut or slipped the

stern pulley, and the long boat righting, I jumped in to save Mr. Lévêque and Dufresnois, who were almost drowned. Meanwhile, the sea used our long boat so roughly, that it was leaking at every seam. Without rudder, without strength, a frightful wind, rain in torrents, a sea in fury, and an ebb tide, what could we expect but a speedy end? Yet we made every effort to get off; some bailed, one steered with an oar,—everything was wanting, or against us, and, to fill up our miseries, we shipped two seas that left us knee-deep in water; a third would have surely swamped us; our strength began to give out as it became more necessary; we made little headway, and, with good reason, began to fear our longboat would fill before we could reach land. The rain prevented our making out a proper place to run in; all before us seemed very rocky, or rather we saw nothing but death.

I believed that it was time to exhort all to prepare, by an act of contrition, to appear before God. This I had deferred till now, so as not to augment the panic or unman their courage; but there was no recoiling, and I did not wish to have my conscience reproach me with a neglect of duty. Every one prayed, and after the *Confiteor*, I gave a general absolution. It was a touching sight! All those men bailing and rowing, while they implored our Lord to have mercy on them, and forgive them the sins which made them unworthy of partaking of his glory; at last they were prepared for death, and awaited it without repining. As for myself, I commended my soul to God. I recited the *Miserere* aloud, all repeating it after me. I saw no hope left. The longboat was going down, and I had

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already muffled my head in my cloak, so as not to see
the moment of our going down, when a gust of wind
suddenly drove us ashore.

You may imagine, how eagerly we sprang from the
longboat; but we were not yet out of danger; several
waves broke over us, some of which knocked us down,
and very nearly carried us out of our depth; yet we
made head against them, and got off with no harm, but
swallowing an abundance of sand and water.

In this confusion, some one had presence of mind
enough, to keep hold of the line or chain attached to
the longboat, and hold it fast; but for this precaution,
it was all over, as you will see by my next letter, or
perhaps by the close of this.

Our first care was to thank God for delivering us
from so great a danger, and, in fact, without a special
aid of Providence, it would have been impossible to
escape death. We were on a little sand-bank, separated
from the island by a small creek, running from a bay a
little above the place where we were. It was with
great difficulty that we crossed this creek, for it was so
deep, that for the third time we were on the point of
perishing. The sea, which began to fall at last, enabled
us to go and get what we had in the longboat, and
bring it to the island. This was a new fatigue, but it
could not be put off. We were wet to our very bones,
and so was everything we had. How could we make a
fire in this state? Yet after some time we succeeded.
It was more necessary than anything else, and although
it was long since we had tasted food, and hunger was
pressing on us, we thought of satisfying it only after
getting a little warm.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, our small boat came to land with only six men; the sea was so violent that it had been impossible for more to expose themselves in it. We went to meet them, and took all necessary precautions to bring it in without injuring it. Without this boat we could never have got to the ship to bring off the provisions which the cannoneer had saved, nor the seventeen men still on board.

However, none durst undertake to go there that day. We passed the night sadly enough. The fire we had made had not yet dried us, and we had nothing to shelter us in that rigorous season. The wind seemed to us to be rising, and although the vessel was strong, new and well knit, there was every ground for fearing that it could not hold together till next morning, and that all on board would perish miserably. About midnight the wind fell, the sea subsided, and, at day-break, seeing the ship in the same state that we left it, several sailors went out in the boat. They found all on board well, having passed the night more at ease than we did, since they were sheltered and had something to eat and drink. They put some provisions in the boat, and brought all off; they came seasonably for us, as we were now suffering cruelly from hunger.

We took what was necessary for a meal, that is to say, about three ounces of meat a piece, a little soup, and some vegetables that we put in. We had to economize, and not expose ourselves to run out of provisions so soon. We sent to the ship a second time to save the carpenter's tools, tar, which we needed to repair our longboat, an axe to cut wood, and some sails to make a cabin. All this was a great help, especially

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the sails, for two feet of snow fell that night. On
the next day, November 16th, while some went on
board for stores, the others laid hold of the long-
boat, and at last got it high and dry by means of a
double pulley. The state we found it in, showed us
how near death we had been, and we could not conceive
how it had ever brought us ashore; we now did all we
could to repair it. The mizen yard, which was thrown
up on the shore, enabled us to make a keel; we made
the bottom of a piece of wood cut in the forest; we
made two linings for the bottom, with boards which we
got on board, and at last it was refitted as well as our
position enabled us.

I defer to my next the sequel of my shipwreck;
before continuing it, I should be glad to hear of you;
such tidings interest no one more than myself, who am,
with the warmest friendship, my dear brother, your
very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 13, 1742.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just received your
answer, which gives me infinite pleasure. I was espec-
ially touched by what happened to you, in your Italian
and Hungarian campaigns. Why did you not send
me the details sooner? Here I must reproach you;
but this cannot displease you, as it serves to show how
sensible I am to all concerning you.

I am glad that the beginning of my shipwreck excites in your soul, the sentiments which I said it should ; it is a proof that I have not exaggerated the evils which I suffered, and saw others suffer. Yet, after all, my dear brother, that is only a slight sketch, and what I have yet to tell far surpasses all I have hitherto said, and deserves all your attention.

While we were refitting the longboat, we ate only once in twenty-four hours, and then our allowance was smaller than that I have already mentioned. It was prudent to act so ; we had only two months' stores in the ship, this being the usual provision made on sailing from Quebec to France ; all our biscuit was lost, and more than half our meat had been consumed or spoilt, during the eleven days we had been at sea ; so that, with all possible economy, we had only five weeks' food. This calculation, or, if you like, this reflection, announced death at the end of forty days ! for, after all, there was no prospect of finding, before then, any means of leaving the desert-island.

The ships which pass by it, sail altogether too far off, to perceive any signal we could make, and then how could we rely on them ? Our provisions could last no more than six weeks, at most, and no ship could pass for six or seven months.

I saw despair coming on, courage began to sink, and cold, snow, ice, and sickness, seemed banded to increase our sufferings. We sank beneath the weight of so much misery. The ship became inaccessible from the ice, which gathered around it ; the cold caused an intolerable sleeplessness ; our sails were far from shielding us from the heavy snows that fell, that year, six feet

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e had only five weeks' food.
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deep, and fever had already surprised several of our
comrades.

Such circumstances were too trying for us, not to
seek to dispose otherwise. We accordingly resolved on
a decisive step.

We knew that some of our countrymen were winter-
ing at Mingan, on the main land to the north, in order
to hunt seals for oil ; there we were almost sure to get
relief, but the difficulty was to reach it at that season ;
the rivers were all frozen, the snow was three feet deep,
and increased day by day, and the distance was great,
considering the season, and our condition, for we were
forty leagues from the highest or northwest part of the
island, which we had to make, turn, and descend some-
what, then cross twelve leagues of open sea.

We were resolved to surmount all those obstacles ;
our actual state gave us no fears of a more frightful
one, but one reflection stopped us for some time. We
could not all start for Mingan, and half of us would
have to stay at this place which we were so eager to
leave, even to expose ourselves to more real dangers.

Yet there was no other way—we must all resolve to
die on that place at the end of six weeks, or part for a
time. I showed them that the least delay would defeat
our plan, as, during our irresolution, the bad weather
increased, and our scanty stores were failing. I added,
that I could well conceive the repugnance each one
should have to remain where we were, but, at the same
time, I showed them the absolute necessity of parting
company, and I hoped our Lord would dispose the
hearts of some, to let the others go in search of aid ; I
wound up, that we must dry the chapel furniture—that

to draw down on us the light of the Holy Ghost, I would celebrate his Mass on the 26th, and that I was sure our prayers would have the desired effect. All applauded my proposition; I said the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and the same day twenty-four men offered to remain, provided provisions were left them, and a promise made, on the gospel, that relief would be sent as soon as the party got to Mingan.

I told my comrades, that I had made up my mind to stay with the twenty-four men who had offered to remain at the place of our shipwreck, and that I would endeavor to help them to await patiently the promised relief. All, however, opposed my design, and to dissuade me, said, that, as I knew the language of the country, I must go with the party, so that if Mr. de Freneuse and de Senneville should die, I might act as interpreter, in case we met any Indians on the island. Those who remained especially desired I should go; they knew me incapable of breaking my word, and did not doubt, but that, on my arrival at Mingan, my first care would be to relieve them; not but that those who were going were fully disposed to send a boat to their relief as soon as possible, yet they relied apparently more on the word of a priest, than that of one of themselves. When all was arranged, I exhorted those who remained to patience. I told them that the means of drawing upon them the blessings of Heaven, was not to give away to despair, and to abandon themselves entirely to the care of Providence—that they should keep themselves in continual exercise to keep off sickness, and not fall into discouragement,—that prudence required an economical use of the food we had left,

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although I hoped to send them relief before it was spent ;
but that it was better to have some over, than to run the
risk of falling short. After giving this advice, those
who were to go, began to make their preparations, and,
on the 27th, we prepared to go ; we embraced our com-
rades, who wished us a successful voyage, and, on our
side, we showed how anxiously we desired to relieve
their distress ; we were far from thinking that it was
our last embrace. Our farewell was most affecting, and
the tears which attended it were a kind of presentiment
of what was to befall us.

Thirteen got in the small boat, and seventeen in the
longboat ; we set out in the afternoon, and rowed that
day about three leagues, but could not make land, and
were obliged to pass the night on the water, where we
endured inexpressible cold.

The next day we did not make as much progress,
but we slept ashore, and during the night a prodigious
quantity of snow fell over us.

On the 29th, the wind was against us, and we were
compelled by the snow, which still continued to fall in
abundance, to go ashore very early.

On the 30th, the weather forced us to lie to ; at nine
o'clock in the morning, we landed and made a good
fire to cook some peas, which disagreed with several of
our party.

On the first of December, the winds prevented our
re-embarking, and, as our sailors complained of weak-
ness, and said that they could not row, we cooked a
little meat, which we ate after drinking the broth ; it
was the first time after our departure, that we had feasted
ourselves so well ; the other days we ate only a little

dried codfish raw, or a paste made of flour and water. On the morning of the second, the wind having changed to S. E., we set sail and made considerable progress; about noon we joined the small boat to eat together; our joy was extreme to see the fair weather continue, and the winds become more and more favorable to our route; but this joy scarce lasted at all, and gave place to the most frightful consternation. After our meal, we continued on our way; the small boat went faster by oars, but by sail we had the advantage; we thought better to keep off shore, so as to double a point which we perceived, and made signal to the boat to follow us, but they let themselves be driven in towards the land, and we lost sight of it.

At this point we found a frightful sea, and, although the wind was not very violent, we doubled it only by great effort, and taking in a great deal of water. This made us tremble for the small boat which was in shore, where the sea always breaks more violently than off. It was handled so roughly that it went down, and we heard no more of it till spring, as you will see by the sequel of my narrative. When we had passed the point, we endeavored to land, but the night was too far advanced, and we could not succeed; the sea was bordered by very high and rugged rocks for nearly two leagues, and, seeing at the end a sandy bay, we made for it at full sail, and landed there without getting much wet. We at once lighted a fire to show the small boat where we were, but this precaution was useless, because it had been dashed to pieces.

After eating a little paste, each one wrapped himself up in his blanket, and spent the night by the fire. At

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made of flour and water. The wind having changed, made considerable progress: the small boat to eat together; the fair weather continue, and more favorable to our lasted at all, and gave place to a new operation. After our meal, the small boat went faster to the advantage; we thought it as to double a point which was to the boat to follow us, and driven in towards the land,

frightful sea, and, although violent, we doubled it only by a great deal of water. This small boat which was in shore, was more violently than off. It was that it went down, and we saw it, as you will see by the morning. When we had passed the point, but the night was too far to succeed; the sea was broken by jagged rocks for nearly two miles. At the end of a sandy bay, we made camp there without getting much fire to show the small boat. This precaution was useless, because the sea was too violent.

Each one wrapped himself in a blanket, and at the night by the fire. At

ten o'clock, the sky clouded over, and snow fell abundantly till next day. As the fire melted it, the snow gave us much trouble, so that we preferred standing the cold to sleeping in water.

Towards midnight, the winds became so violent that our longboat, which was only a short distance off shore, having dragged its anchor, was driven ashore and almost dashed to pieces. The two men who were on board waking up, began to call out as loud as they could; we ran up at once. The captain and myself threw ashore what we could save of the little cargo; the others packed up what we threw out; and carried it as they supposed out of reach of the tide, but the sea became so furious that, as it rose, it would have carried off all we had just saved, had not our comrades taken the precaution to transport three different times what they thought secure at first. This was not enough; we had to get our boat ashore to prevent its being carried out to sea. The difficulty we had in getting it high and dry is inconceivable, and we did not accomplish it until ten o'clock in the morning; we then found it much strained and in need of considerable repairs. We deferred repairing it until the next day, and made a fire to dry ourselves; after which we ate a little to restore us after our night's toil. In the morning, the carpenter and all who were able to help him labored to put matters in shape, and a part of us went in search of the other boat, but in vain; and it was to no purpose that we remained there several days to get tidings of it. On the eve of our departure we killed two foxes, which enabled us to spare our provisions; in a situation like ours all must be turned to account, and the fear of starving to death prevented our

neglecting any opportunity of prolonging life. On the seventh of the month, we started at daybreak, with a slight favorable wind, by which we made considerable headway; about ten o'clock, we ate our two foxes; five hours after, the sky clouded over and the wind rising with the sea, we had to seek a harbor, but there was none. We were therefore obliged to stand off and sail before the wind to save ourselves. The night approached; rain, mixed with hail, soon closed the day; the wind drove us on with so much vehemence that we could scarcely govern it, and our boat had undergone too much rough usage to be able to stand such a storm. Yet we had to yield to the circumstances.

At the height of the danger we were driven into a bay, where the wind still vexed us, and where it was impossible to find a landing; our anchor could not hold anywhere; the storm increased every moment, and our boat being driven on some shoals, we thought that we had not an hour to live.

We nevertheless endeavored, by throwing overboard part of our boat's load, to put off the fatal moment. Scarcely had we done this when we were surrounded by ice; this more than redoubled our fear, as the cakes of ice were furiously tossed about and broke against us; I cannot tell you where they drove us, but I shall not exaggerate by telling you that the various tossings we met with that night are beyond all expression. The darkness increased the horror of our condition; every blast seemed to announce our death. I exhorted all not to distrust Providence, and, at the same time, to put themselves in a state to go and render God an account

of prolonging life. On we started at daybreak, by which we made considerable progress. At six o'clock, we ate our two meals. The sky clouded over and the wind freshened. We had to seek a harbor, but were therefore obliged to stand by to save ourselves. The wind increased with hail, soon closed the sea, and with so much vehemence that we could not govern it, and our boat had no chance of usage to be able to stand by, and to yield to the circum-

stances. At length we were driven into a bay, where it was so narrow that our anchor could not hold. We passed every moment, and our boat was so close to the shoals, we thought that we

were lost, by throwing overboard the anchor, and put off the fatal moment. When we were surrounded by the rocks, it doubled our fear, as the cakes of ice came about and broke against us; they drove us, but I shall not say that the various tossings were beyond all expression. The horror of our condition; every moment seemed our death. I exhorted all to be patient, and, at the same time, to put up with it, and to render God an account

of a life which he had granted us only to serve him, and I reminded them that he was the Master to take it from us when he pleased.

Day came at last, and we endeavored amid the rocks to make the bottom of the bay, where we were a little more tranquil; every one regarded himself as having escaped the gates of the grave, and rendered thanks to the almighty hand which had preserved us amid such imminent danger.

With all our efforts we could not make land, the water being too shallow. We had to cast anchor, and, to get ashore, we had to go waist-deep in some parts, knee-deep in all. We had with us the kettle and flour to make paste. After taking some nourishment, our next thought was to dry our clothes, so as to start next day. In a few days I will give you the sequel of our disaster, and shall not await your answer.

I am, with all possible friendship, dear Brother, your very affectionate brother.

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—It is not a week since I wrote you my fourth letter, and I do not forget that at the close I promised to send you the fifth without delay. I now keep my word, and continue my narrative.

The cold increased so much during the night that the whole bay was frozen over, and our boat hemmed

in on all sides. In vain did we hope that the wind would detach it; day by day the cold became more intense; the ice got stronger, and we had no alternative but to land what little had not been thrown overboard, and to bring in all our provisions. We made cabins which we covered with fir branches; the captain and myself were versed in the way of building them, so that ours was one of the most comfortable. The sailors raised theirs along-side of ours, and, to hold the provisions, we erected a little place which no one could enter without being seen by all. This was a necessary precaution, and to prevent suspicion which might arise against those who had the charge of it, and to prevent any one from consuming in a few days what was to support us for many long days.

The following was the furniture of the apartments we had made for ourselves; the iron pot in which we had heated the tar, served us as a kettle; we had only one axe, but no stone to sharpen it, and our only preservative against the cold, was our clothes and some half-burned blankets. Had any of these failed us, we should undoubtedly have perished. Without the pot, it would be impossible to cook anything to sustain life; without the axe, we could get no wood to keep up our fire, and without our blankets, bad as they were, there was no means of resisting the excessive cold which almost annihilated us at night.

This state, you will tell me, was frightful, and nothing could add to it; pardon me, dear brother, ere long it will be incredible. Its horror augments at every line, and I have much to write you before I come to the extremity of misery to which I was reduced.

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Our sole resource was to be able to prolong our existence till the close of April, and to wait for the ice to melt, in order to continue our voyage in the boat; chance alone could bring us relief in that spot; it was mere delusion to hope for any. In this crisis, it was necessary to examine soberly what provisions we had, and to regulate the distribution in such a way that they should last till that time. We accordingly regulated our food in the following manner: in the morning, we boiled in snow-water two pounds of flour, to have paste or gruel; in the evening, we cooked in the same way, about the same weight of meat; we were seventeen in number, and consequently each had about four ounces of food a day. There was no talk of bread or anything else. Once a week only we ate peas instead of meat, and although we had only a spoonful apiece, it was, in reality, our best meal. It was not enough to fix the quantity of food which we were to take; we had also to settle on our occupations. Leger, Basile and myself, undertook to cut the necessary wood, be the weather what it might; some others agreed to carry it in; others, to clear the snow, or rather to diminish its depth, on the road we had to take to the woods.

You will perhaps be surprised at my undertaking to cut wood, an exercise for which I was not apparently adapted, and even you may think, beyond my strength; in one sense, you are right; but when you reflect, that violent exercise opens the pores, and gives vent to many humors, that it would be dangerous to leave festering in the blood, you will easily understand that I owe my preservation to this exercise. I always had foresight to tire myself extremely whenever I felt heavy or

feverish, and especially when I thought myself affected by the bad air. I accordingly went every day into the woods, and there in spite of all the efforts to clear away the snow, we often went waist-deep. This was not our only trouble in this employment; the trees in our neighborhood were full of branches, all so loaded with snow, that, at the first stroke of the axe, it knocked down the one that struck; we were all three in succession thrown down, and we often fell each two or three times, then we continued the work; and when, by repeated shaking, the tree was disencumbered of the snow, we felled it, cut it in pieces, and returned to the cabin, each with his load; then our comrades went for the rest, or rather for what was needed for that day. We found this hard work, but we had to do it; and although the fatigue was extreme, everything was to be feared if we neglected to keep it up manfully; the difficulty increased day by day, for, as we cut down the wood, we had to go further, and so lengthen our journey. Our weakness increased, as our toil became greater. Fir branches thrown down without order, were our bed; we were devoured by vermin, for we had no change of clothing; the smoke and snow gave us terrible soreness in the eyes, and, to complete our miseries, we became at once extremely costive, and afflicted by an incontinence of urine, which gave us not a moment's rest. I leave it to physicians to settle whence this arose; had we known the cause, it would not have availed us; it is useless to learn the source of an evil which we cannot remedy.

On the 24th of December, we dried our chapel furniture; we had a little wine left; I thawed it, and on

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Christmas day, said Mass; when it was over, I made a short discourse to exhort our folks to patience. It was a kind of parallel between what the Savior of the world had suffered, and what we endured, and I closed by exhorting them to offer their pains to our Lord, and by assuring them that this offering was a title to obtain the end and recompense. We can express much better the evils we feel, than those we see others experience. My words had the effect I expected; each one resumed courage, and resigned himself to suffer, till it should please God to call him to himself, or to rescue us from danger.

On the first of January, considerable rain fell all day, and, as we could not shelter ourselves from it, we had to go to sleep all wet, and during the night, a violent norther, so to speak, froze us in our cabin, broke up all the ice in the bay, and carried the fragments off with our longboat; a man named Foucault informed us of this by a loud cry; we sought, in vain, the spot to which it had been carried. Judge of our consternation; this accident crowned our misfortunes, and took away all hopes of seeing them end; I felt all the consequences of it; I saw despair seize on all; some wished to eat at once what food we had, and go die at the foot of some tree; others no longer wished to work, and, to justify their refusal, said, that it was useless to prolong their pain, as there was no apparent hope of escaping starvation. What a situation, my dear brother! It would touch the hardest heart. I shed tears as I write it, and I know you are too sensitive to the miseries of others, to think that you can read my letter unmoved.

I had need to recall all my strength to oppose my

companions ; the best *reasons* which I alleged, seemed to excite impatience, and make them feel more poignantly their wretched state. As the mildness by which I had hoped to dissuade them from their course had failed, I assumed a tone which my character authorized ; I told them, with a boldness at which they were surprised, that "God was doubtless irritated against us ; that he measured the evils which he sent us, by the crimes we had previously committed ; that these crimes were doubtless enormous, as the punishment had been so rigorous, and that the greatest of all was our despair, which, unless speedily followed by repentance, would become irremissible. How do you know, my brethren, but that you are at the close of your penance ? The time of the greatest sufferings, is that of the greatest mercy ; do not become unworthy of it by your murmurs ; the first duty of a Christian is to submit blindly to the orders of his Creator ; and you, rebel hearts, would you resist him ? Would you lose in an instant, the fruit of the evils which God sends you, only to render you worthy of the good things which he reserves for his children ? Would you become homicides, and, to escape transient pain, not fear to rush into torments which have no bounds, but eternity ? Follow your guilty resolve, accomplish your horrible design, I have done my duty ; it is your business to think that you are then lost forever. Yet I hope, I added, that among you, there will be some at least so attached to the law of their God, as to regard my remonstrance, and that they will join me in offering him their *pains*, and asking strength to bear them."

When I had finished, I wished to retire, but all

which I alleged, seemed them feel more poignantly mildness by which I had their course had failed, I character authorized; I told which they were surprised, stated against us; that he ant us, by the crimes we had these crimes were doubtless had been so rigorous, and our despair, which, unless nce, would become irremis- ny brethren, but that you enance? The time of the of the greatest mercy; do y your murmurs; the first mit blindly to the orders of el hearts, would you resist an instant, the fruit of the, only to render you worthy ne reserves for his children? des, and, to escape transient to torments which have no ollow your guilty resolve, esign, I have done my duty; ak that you are then lost for- , that among you, there will to the law of their God, as, and that they will join me ins, and asking strength to I wished to retire, but all

stopped me, and begged me to pardon the excess of despair into which they had fallen; they promised me with tears, that they would no longer provoke Heaven by their murmurs and impatience, and that they would redouble their efforts to preserve a life of which God, alone, and not they, was Master to dispose of it. Each one immediately resumed his ordinary occupation; I went to the woods with my two comrades, and, when we got back, the other two went for the wood we had cut. When all were again together, I told them that, having still wine enough for two or three Masses, it would be well for me to celebrate one, to ask, of the Holy Ghost, the strength and light which we needed. The weather cleared on the 5th of January; I chose that day to say the Mass; scarcely had I finished it, when Mr. Vaillant and Foucault, the chief steward, a strong and vigorous man, informed us of their resolution to go and look for the longboat. I greatly praised their zeal in exposing themselves thus for their companions. However we may be situated, we like praise; self-love never leaves us but with life. They had not been gone two hours, when we saw them coming back with a contented air, which made us believe that they had some good news to tell us; this conjecture was not false, for Mr. Vaillant said, that, after walking an hour with Foucault, they had perceived a little cabin and two bark canoes; that, on entering, they had found seals, fat, and an axe, which they brought off, and that impatience to announce this to their companions, had prevented their going further. I was in the wood when they came back; the Sieur de Senneville ran to tell me of the discovery which Mr. Vaillant and Fou-

cault had just made ; I hurried back to the cabin, and I begged our two men to detail all that they had seen ; they repeated what they had told the others. Every word spread hope and joy over my heart ; I seized that occasion to extol the care of Providence over those who resign themselves entirely to it, and exhorted all to return thanks to God for the favor which he had just done us. The nearer a man is to the brink of the precipice, the more grateful he is to his deliverer. You may judge whether our gratitude was lively. A few days before, we believed ourselves hopelessly lost, and, when we despaired of receiving any assistance, we learned that there were Indians on the island, and that, towards the end of March, they could aid us, when they would return to the cabin to raise their canoes.

This discovery renewed the courage of those who had made it. They started next day full of the confidence which the first success gave ; they hoped to find our longboat ; their hope was not deceived, for, after going a little further than before, they perceived it off shore, and on returning found and brought with them a trunk full of clothes which we had thrown overboard, during that night of which I have spoken.

On the tenth, although the weather was very cold, we all went to try and put our boat in a place of safety ; but being full of ice, and that which lay around making it like a little mountain, it was impossible for us to draw it ashore ; a hundred men would not have succeeded without great difficulty ; and even then many would run the risk of perishing in the attempt. This obstacle did not cause us much grief ; to all appearance the owners of the two canoes had a larger craft with which they

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had crossed, and we hoped to profit by it. We accordingly returned to our cabin ; scarcely had we taken fifty steps when the cold seized Foucault so as to prevent him from walking ; we were obliged to carry him, and when we got him to the cabin, he gave up his soul to God.

On the twenty-third, our master carpenter sank under the hardships ; he had time to confess and died a sincere Christian. Although many of us had our legs swollen, we lost no one from the twenty-third of January, till the sixteenth of February ; the expectation of the close of March supported us, and we already thought we saw those from whom we hoped for rescue, arriving ; but God did ordain that all should profit by the relief which he sent us, the designs of his Providence are inscrutable, and, contrary as their effects may be to us, we cannot without blasphemy, accuse them of injustice ; what we call evil is often, in the designs of our Creator, a benefit ; and, whether he rewards or punishes us, whether he tries us by misfortune or prosperity, we always owe him thanksgiving.

Farewell, my dear brother, I expect to hear from you ; my letter is long enough ; I wish to let you sympathize with me for a time ; this is a right which I believe I may require from your affection.

I am, and ever shall be, my dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I expected to hear from you on the fifteenth, or, at latest, the eighteenth of this month. It is now the twenty-fifth, and I hear nothing of you. Your sentiments in my regard do not allow me to suppose that this delay is caused by any coolness or indifference; I prefer to think that business beyond your control has prevented you, and to show you that I do not make your silence a crime, I for the third time take the advance of you.

I closed my last letter by saying that we had reached the beginning of February, sustained by the hope of soon seeing the term of our misery, but that God had otherwise disposed, and, my dear brother, this I wish to explain to you to-day.

On the sixteenth, the *Sieur de Freneuse*, our captain, died after receiving Extreme Unction; some hours after, Jerome, the boatswain, confessed and departed this life with admirable resignation. Towards evening, a young man named Girard paid the same tribute to nature; he had for some days prepared to appear before God. A disease of the legs which had come on from warming himself too near, had induced him to put his conscience in order; in this I aided him. He made a general confession, and the contrition which he seemed to have for his sins, made me think he deserved pardon. Our master gunner fell the next night into a debility from which he never recovered; and finally Robert, another boatswain, was attacked by the sickness which had carried off the others; I prepared him to make an

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abjuration; he was a Calvinist; and I avow that it was not easy to make him a Catholic; fortunately, the goodness of the cause which I maintained supplied the stead of the necessary talents; the Protestants are well instructed, we must admit; I was twenty times amazed at Robert's arguments. What a pity, then, the basis of Calvinism rests on a false principle! I exclaim—What a pity the Calvinists are not of our communion! With what success would they not defend the right cause, when they so vigorously sustain a bad one!

At last this, Robert understood, and chose to avoid the danger of dying in any other creed than ours. On the twenty-fourth of February, he made an abjuration, repeated his profession of faith, and went to receive in a better life the reward of the evils he had suffered in this. As these died, we put their bodies in the snow beside the cabin. There was doubtless a want of prudence in putting our dead so near us, but we had not courage and strength to carry them further; besides, our situation did not permit us to think of every thing, and we did not see any ground to fear the neighborhood of what might so corrupt the air as to hasten our end, or rather we thought that the excessive cold, which prevailed, would prevent the corruption from producing on us any of the effects which it would have been rational to dread in other circumstances.

So many deaths in so short a time, spread terror among all. Wretched as man may be, he never looks without horror on the moment which is to end his miseries, by depriving him of life. Some bewailed their wives and children, and bemoaned the state of misery into which their death would plunge their families;

others kept complaining of being carried off at an age when they only began to enjoy life; some, sensible to the charms of friendship, attached to home, and destined to agreeable, and advantageous positions in life, uttered cries which it was impossible to hear without shedding tears: every word they uttered cut me to the heart; scarcely had I strength left to console. At first, I mingled my tears with theirs: I could not, without injustice, refuse them this consolation, nor condemn their grief. This conduct was dangerous, and I saw no course more proper than to allow the effect of their first reflections to subside. The object of their regret did not make them guilty; what could I condemn in their grief? It were an attempt to stifle nature, to silence it on an occasion when it would be worthy of contempt, if it were insensible.

The circumstances in which we were could not be more distressing. To see one's self die, to see friends die, unable to help them; to be uncertain of the fate of thirteen persons, whose boat had been wrecked; to have no doubt that the twenty-four near the vessel were not at least as wretched as ourselves; to be ill fed, ill clothed, worn out, with sore legs, eaten up by vermin, blinded continually, either by the snow or by the smoke, such was our condition; each one of us a picture of death; we shuddered to look at each other; and what passed in myself justified my comrade's lamentations.

Violent grief is never lasting, and extreme evils more frequently fail to find expression than moderate ones.

As soon as I saw them plunged in that silence which usually follows tears excited by a great misfortune, and

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marking an excessive grief, I endeavored to console them, and this is about what I said.

"I cannot condemn your lamentations, my dear children, and God will doubtless hear them favorably. We have more than once experienced in our misery the effects of his goodness. Our longboat open at every seam, yet sustained and buoyed up the night of our shipwreck; the resolution of the twenty-four men who sacrificed themselves for us; and, above all, the discovery of the two Indian canoes, are events which clearly prove the protection which God affords us. He distributes his favors only by degrees. He wishes us, before he completes them, to render ourselves worthy by our resignation in suffering the evils which it shall please him to send us. Let us not despair of his Providence; it never abandons those who submit entirely to his will. If God does not deliver us in an instant, it is because he deems it proper to use for that purpose apparently natural means; he has already begun by leading the *Sieur Vaillant* and *Master Foucault* to the spot where the canoes are; let us rest assured that he will accomplish this work. For my own part, I have no doubt he intends those canoes for our deliverance. This relief, my dear children, must soon be offered us: we have almost reached the month of March, the time when the Indians will come and take their canoes; the term is not long; let us have patience, and redouble our attention to discover the coming of those from whom we expect relief. They doubtless have a sloop; let us implore God to dispose them to take us in; he holds in his hands the hearts of all men; he will soften for us the hearts of these Indians; he will excite their

compassion in our favor and our confidence in his goodness, joined to the sacrifice which we will make him of our pains will merit what we ask."

I then fell on my knees, and recited some prayers adapted to our situation and wants; all imitated me, and none thought more of his evils but to offer them to God. We were tranquil enough till the fifth of March; we beheld with joy the moment of our delivery approaching, we almost touched it, but God again chose to afflict us, and put our patience to new trials.

On the sixth of March, Ash-Wednesday, about two o'clock in the morning, a heavy snow, driven by a violent north wind, filled up our cup of misery: it fell so deep that it soon filled our cabin, and drove us into the sailors'. It entered here as much as into ours, but, as it was larger, we had more room; our fire was out; we had no means of making another, and to warm us we had no recourse but to huddle close to each other. We went to the sailors' cabin about eight o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, carrying our blanket and a little raw ham, which we ate as soon as we got in; we then threw the snow into a corner of the cabin, spread the large blanket on the ground, lay down on it, and the fragments of the small ones served to shield us from the snow more than from the cold. In this state we remained without fire, and without eating or drinking anything but snow, till Saturday morning.

I then resolved to go out, cold as it was, to bring some wood and flour to make paste. It was risking life not to expose it to seek relief against cold and hunger. During the three days and nights we had spent in the sailors' cabin, I had seen four or five men die with their

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On Wednesday, about two feet of snow, driven by a violent wind, cup of misery: it fell so thick on the cabin, and drove us into the snow as much as into ours, but, as it was so deep, our fire was out; we were together, and to warm us we were close to each other. We were about eight o'clock in the morning, having our blanket and a little wood as we got in; we then went to the door of the cabin, spread the blanket, lay down on it, and the fire served to shield us from the cold. In this state we were without eating or drinking till the next morning.

So cold as it was, to bring some wood was risking life not only against cold and hunger. In the nights we had spent in the cabin, four or five men die with their

legs and hands completely frozen; we were fortunate not to be surprised in the same way, for the cold was so intense on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, that the hardest man would have infallibly died had he gone out of the cabin for ten minutes. You may judge by what I am going to tell you: the weather having become a little milder on Saturday, I determined to go out; Leger, Basile and Foucault, resolved to follow me; we were not over a quarter of an hour getting the flour, and yet Basile and Foucault had their hands and feet frozen on that journey, and died a few days after.

We were unable to go to the woods, which the snow rendered inaccessible, and we would have run the risk of perishing had we attempted to overcome this obstacle. We were, therefore, obliged to make our paste cold, each one had about three ounces, and we well-nigh paid with our lives this little relief, for all night long we were tormented by such a cruel thirst, and devoured by such a violent fever, that we thought every moment that we should be consumed.

On Sunday, the 10th, Furst, Leger, and myself, availed ourselves of the weather, which was pretty good, to go and get a little wood; we were the only ones able to walk, but the cold we had to endure, and the hardship we had to undergo, in clearing away the snow, well-nigh reduced us to the same state as the rest; fortunately, we held out against both; we brought in some wood, made a fire, and, with snow water and a little flour, we had a very thin paste, which, in some slight degree, alleviated our thirst.

All the wood which we brought in, was burnt up by eight o'clock, and the night was so cold, that the elder

Sieur Vaillant was found dead in the morning. This accident led Furst, Leger, and myself, to think it better to return to our own cabin; it was smaller, and consequently warmer than that of the sailors; the snow had stopped, and there was no sign of another snow-storm. Great as was our weakness, we undertook to throw out of our first cabin, the snow and ice which filled it; we brought in new fir branches for beds, we went for wood, and lighted a great fire inside and outside of the cabin to warm it thoroughly. After this work, which had greatly fatigued us, we went for our companions. I brought the Sieurs de Senneville, and Vaillant the younger, whose legs and arms were frozen. Mr. le Vasseur, Basile, and Foucault, less afflicted than the others, endeavored to crawl along without help; we laid them on the branches which we had prepared, and not one left them till after death.

On the 17th, Basile became insensible, and died two days after. Foucault, who was of a hardy constitution, and was young, suffered a violent agony; his struggles with death made us tremble, nor have I ever seen a more terrible sight. I endeavored to do my duty on these sad occasions, and I hope, from the divine goodness, that my care has not been useless for the salvation of the dying.

Our provisions drew near the end; we had no more flour; we had scarcely ten pounds of peas; we had not seven pounds of candles, nor as much pork; and our last ham did not weigh at best three pounds. It was time to think of other means of living; accordingly, Leger and I, for Furst, our mate, was unable, went at low water to get shell-fish; the weather was pretty fair,

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we walked knee-deep in water for two hours, and at last found on a sand-bank, a kind of oyster, with single shell; we brought along all we could; they were good, and whenever the weather and the tide permitted, we went and laid in a stock; but they cost us pretty dear, for, on reaching the cabin, our hands and feet were both swollen, and almost frozen. I did not dissemble from myself the danger I ran in renewing too often this kind of fishery; I saw the consequence, but what was to be done? We must live, or rather put off, for a few days, the moment of our death.

Our sick companions grew worse daily; gangrene set in their legs, and no one could dress them; I undertook this charge; it was incumbent on me to give an example of that charity which is the base of our holy religion, yet, for some moments, I wavered between the merit of fulfilling my obligations, and the danger of discharging them; God gave me grace to triumph over my repugnance; duty prevailed, and although the time of dressing my comrades' sores was the most cruel in the day, I never relaxed the care I owed them. I will inform you, in my seventh letter, of the nature of these sores, and you may judge how well founded was the repugnance I first felt to dressing them, or rather you will see how excusable it was as a first impression. I was well rewarded for my pain; the gratitude of the sufferers is inconceivable. "What!" said one, "you expose yourself to death to save ourselves? Leave us to our pain; your care may soothe it, but will never dismiss it." "Leave us," said another, "and do not deprive those who are not to die, of the consolation of having you with them; only help us to put our con-

science in a state to go and render an account to God of the days which he has left us, and then fly the corrupted air which all breathes around us."

You may judge that their entreaties were new ties which bound me to them ; they increased the pleasure which I felt in doing a duty, and gave me the strength and courage which I needed.

Farewell, brother, I have not time to tell you more ; besides, I should be glad to hear of you before ending my narrative, and to know the effect which my last three letters have produced in your heart, and on the hearts of those whom you have allowed to read it.

I am ever, with the same friendship, my dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, March 28, 1742.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am happy to learn that your occupations have been the only cause of your silence ; I never suspected any other, and I see with pleasure that I was not mistaken. My last three letters have, you say, touched you as much as the previous ones have increased the curiosity of those who have seen them ; this flatters me greatly, and induces me to send you the rest without delay ; I hope you will have the last of it about the 18th of May, unless I am obliged to make some excursion before that ; be that as it may, you may rely on its being as soon as possible.

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I soon saw that our sick comrades could not escape death ; they felt it themselves, and, although they seemed resigned, I did not deem myself dispensed from serving them the last days of their life. I said prayers morning and evening beside them ; I then confirmed them in the submission which they had to the will of Heaven ; "Offer your sufferings to Jesus Christ," I would say, "they will render you worthy of gathering the fruit of the blood shed for the salvation of the human race ; the Man God is the perfect model of that patience and resignation which I admire in you ; your exile is about to end ; and what thanks have you not to render to our Lord for having furnished you, by this shipwreck, the surest means of reaching the port of salvation ! You leave, indeed, wives who expect all from you, my dear friends ; you leave children, whose establishment was to be your labor, but hope in God, he is a good Father, he never abandoned his own, and rest assured, that, in calling you to himself, he will not forget that he has taken you from your families, who will, after your death, need the care of his Providence. He has, himself, promised to be the stay of the widow and the orphan ; his word is firm ; his promises are never ineffectual, and you, by your sufferings, especially deserve that he should cast a look of favor on your wives and children, and do for them much more than you ever could have done."

These poor dying men answered me only by assuring me that all their hope was in God, and that it was so firm that they were ready to leave the world without thinking of those whom they left, except to recommend them to his divine protection.

When I had finished speaking to them on spiritual things, I set to dressing their sores; I had only lye to cleanse them; I then covered them with some rags which I dried, and when I had to take these off I was sure to bring away strips of flesh which, by their corruption, spread an infected air even around the cabin.

After twelve days, their legs had only the bones; the feet were detached, and their hands entirely wasted away. I was obliged to dress them several times; the infection arising was so great that, every now and then, I had to get a breath of fresh air so as not to be suffocated. Do not think, dear brother, that I am imposing upon you; God is my witness, that I add nothing to the truth, and the reality is more horrible than I can depict. Words are too feeble to express a situation like mine then. How many touching things could I not tell you, if I set down the words of these poor wretched men! I constantly endeavored to console them by the hope of an eternal reward, and I often blended my tears with those which I saw them shed.

On the first of April, the Sieur Leger went to the spot where the Indian canoes were, and I went to the woods about eight o'clock in the morning; I was resting on a tree which I had cut down, when I thought I heard the report of a gun; as we had several times heard the same noise without being able to discover whence it came, nor what it was, I paid no great attention to it. About ten o'clock, I went back to the cabin to ask Mr. Furst to come and help me bring in the wood I had cut; I told him, as we walked along, what I thought I had heard, and at the same time kept looking out to see whether Mr. Leger was returning. We had scarcely gone two

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hundred paces when I perceived several persons; I ran to meet them, and Mr. Furst hastened with this happy news to our sick comrades. When I was near enough to distinguish, I saw an Indian with a woman whom Mr. Leger was bringing along. I spoke to this man; he answered me, and then asked me several questions, which I answered properly. At the sight of our cabin he seemed surprised, and deeply touched at the extremity to which we were reduced; he promised to come back the next day, to go a hunting, and bring us in whatever he killed.

We spent the night in this expectation, and at every moment rendered thanks to Heaven for the relief it had just sent us. Day came, and seemed to bring in the solace which had been promised the day before; but our hopes were deceived; the morning glided away and the Indian did not keep his word. Some flattered themselves that he would come in the afternoon; for my own part, I suspected the cause of his delay; I saw that it would be prudent to go to his cabin, and ask him why he had not come as he had promised, and if he hesitated in his answer, to force him to show us where the boat was in which he had crossed. We started, but judge of our consternation; on our arrival, we found neither the Indian nor his canoe; he had carried it off during the night, and had retired to some place where we could not find him.

To tell you the reason of such a course, I must inform you that the Indians are more fearful of death, and consequently of sickness, than all others. His flight was induced by the excessive fear peculiar to that race; the display of dead bodies, the frightful state of our sick,

the infection of their sores, had so alarmed the man, that, to avoid being affected by the tainted air, he thought best not to keep his word, and to change his abode, for fear we should go and force him to return to our cabin and aid us.

Although this disappointment afflicted us greatly, we should have felt it more if there had not been a second canoe; but we had to take measures to prevent its owners from escaping us. Our fear was that the Indian who had deceived us, would inform his comrade of the danger of visiting our cabin, and persuade him to go and get his canoe by night, and remove from the place where we were.

This reflection led us to resolve to carry off the canoe with us, in order to oblige the Indian to come to our cabin and help us, whatever repugnance he might seem to have. But for this precaution we were lost; not one of the two occasions we had had would have served us, and our death was certain.

When the canoe was brought, we fastened it to a tree, so that it could not be carried off without making noise enough to warn us that some one was detaching it.

Some days were spent in waiting for the Indian to whom the canoe belonged; but we saw no one, and during this time our three sick comrades died.

On the seventh, in the evening, Mr. le Vasseur was surprised by a debility from which he never recovered, and the other two seeing that even the Indian's aid which we expected, would be useless to them, as they were unable to walk, again prepared to put themselves in a state to appear before God.

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The *Sieur Vaillant*, the younger, died on the tenth, after suffering for a whole month all that can possibly be imagined; his patience always equalled his pain; he was sixteen years old; the *Mr. Vaillant* whom we had lost on the eleventh of March, was his father; his youth never seemed to him a ground for complaining at being so soon taken from life; in a word, he expired with that resignation and courage which characterize the perfect Christian.

The *Sieur de Senneville* imitated the virtues of the younger *Vaillant*, or rather they were models to each other; the same pain, the same patience, the same resignation; why cannot I set down all that these young men said the few days previous to their death? They made me blush not to have as much courage to console them, as they had to suffer. With what confidence, what respect, did they not speak of religion and the mercy of our Lord? In what terms did they not express their gratitude? They were indeed two noble souls, and the best hearts I ever met in my life.

The latter several times begged me to cut his legs off, to prevent the gangrene getting up; his entreaties were, as you will imagine, useless; I constantly refused to do as he wished, and showed him that I had no instrument suitable for the operation, and that, even if I had wished to risk it, it would only increase his pain without guaranteeing him from death. He then put his affairs in order, and wrote to his parents in the most touching manner, and resigned his soul to God, on the evening of the thirteenth, aged about twenty. He was a Canadian, and son of the *Sieur de Senneville*, who was formerly a page to the *Dauphiness*, then a *Musque-*

teer, and now King's Lieutenant at Montreal, where he possesses considerable property.

The death of these three victims, of cold and hunger, afflicted us greatly, although in fact their life was, so to say, a burthen to us; I felt a father's love for them, and was abundantly repaid; yet on reflecting that if the Indian had come while they were yet alive, we would have had to leave them alone and unassisted in the cabin, or lose the chance of going, I felt that I ought to thank our Lord for sparing me such a cruel alternative, by calling them to himself. We had, moreover, no more provisions; there was left only the small ham of which I have spoken. This, we were afraid to touch, and contented ourselves with the shell-fish which Leger and I, from time to time, gathered on the sea-shore. Our weakness increased from day to day, and we could scarcely stand, when I resolved to go in search of the Indians whose coming we expected, and to use their canoe for this purpose; we got gum from the trees to put it in order, and with our axe made paddles the best way we could; I knew how to paddle perfectly; this was a great advantage to accomplish our object, and even to expose ourselves, in case we could not find the Indians, to run the risk of crossing in the canoe; it was our last resource, since it was a question of preserving life, or voluntarily braving all. It was certain that, by remaining on that island, we had only a few days to live; crossing the gulf we ran no greater risk, and might hope that our attempt would succeed.

All was ready on the 26th of April; we cooked half the ham, taking the broth first, and intending to reserve the meat for our route; but in the evening we were so

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overcome by hunger, that we were forced to eat it all. The next day we were no stronger than the day before, and, on the 28th, we were without resources, and with no hope of finding any in time to save us from starvation. We accordingly prepared for death by reciting the Litany of the Saints; then we fell on our knees, and lifting my hands to Heaven, I uttered this prayer:

"Great God, if it is thy will that we share the fate of the fourteen persons who have perished before our eyes, delay not to fulfil it; do not permit despair to overcome us; call us to thyself while we are resigned to leave this world without regret; but, Lord, if thou hast not yet resolved our death, send us help, and give us strength to support, without a murmur, the afflictions which thy justice still prepares for us, that we may not lose in an instant the fruit of the submission which we have thus far had to the decrees of thy Providence."

I was concluding my prayer, when we heard the report of a gun, which we quickly answered; we supposed rightly, that it was the Indian who owned the canoe we had; he wished to see whether any of us were still alive, and perceiving it by our gun, he kindled a fire to pass the night. He did not suppose us able to go to him, and clearly did not wish us to do so, for, as soon as he saw us, he hid in the wood a part of a bear which he had killed, and fled.

As we wore boots, we had a good deal of trouble to reach his fire; we had to cross a pretty large river, thawed for some days; we saw the tracks of his flight, and followed them with incredible fatigue; and even this would have been useless, had not the Indian been

compelled to slacken his pace to enable his son, a boy seven years old, to follow him. This circumstance was our salvation; towards evening we overtook this man, who asked us whether our sick were dead; this question, which he put with an air of fear, lest they should still survive, left us no room to doubt but that the first Indian had told him of our state, and the danger of approaching our abode. I did not think proper at first to answer his question, and without any more ado I pressed him to give us something to eat, and for this purpose to return. He durst not resist; we were two to one, well armed, and, what is more, resolved not to leave him for a moment. He admitted that he had almost a whole bear, which he did not refuse to share with us. When we got to the place where he had hidden this bear, we each eat a piece half cooked; we then made the Indian and his wife take the rest, and led them to the spot where we had left Mr. Furst. This poor man awaited us in extreme impatience. When we arrived, he was ready to expire. You may imagine his joy when we told him that we had food and assistance. He first ate a piece of bear meat; we put the pot on the fire, and took broth all night long, which we spent without sleeping, for fear our Indian, who would not sleep in the cabin, should decamp. When the day came, I gave this man clearly to understand that he must take us to the place where the boat was, in which he had crossed, and, to induce him not to refuse our request, I told him that we would use him very roughly if he made any delay about it. The fear of being killed made him speedily construct a sled, on which he put his canoe; he made signs for Leger and me to drag

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it, wishing, doubtless, to tire us out, and oblige us to give up aid which cost us so dear. We might have forced him to carry the canoe himself, but this violence seemed to me out of place ; it was better to manage our Indian, and all we could do was to use precaution, so as not to be duped. I will tell you, in my eighth letter, what these precautions were, and that one, I believe, will enable me to conclude my shipwrecks, and tell you of my return to France.

I am ever, with perfect attachment, my dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CREPPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, April 24, 1742.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—I should have sent you the close of my narrative last month, had I not been obliged to spend some weeks in the country. During all my absence, I could not find a single quarter of an hour of which I was master enough to devote to satisfying your curiosity completely. I returned only yesterday to Paderborn. I made several visits this morning ; some you know are indispensable, and I sacrifice the rest of the day.

I required of the Indian and his wife that they should go ahead, under the pretext of clearing the way ; but I did not end my precautions here. I told them that the child would get tired on that march, and that he must

be put in the canoe, and that it would afford us a pleasure to relieve him in that way.

The heart of a parent is everywhere the same; there is none that does not feel obliged for favors done his children, and that does not accept it with pleasure. This man's son was a hostage in our hands for his parent's fidelity. We walked over a league, through snow, water, or ice; our fatigue was extreme, but the hope of the fruit it was to bear supported and encouraged us; yet it was impossible for us to drag the sled all the time. We gave out, and the Indian, touched with our exhaustion, took the canoe on his shoulders and carried it to the shore, and first put his wife and child in. The question then was, which of us should embark? The canoe could only hold four, and consequently only one of us three could profit by it. I first offered to remain, and told Messrs. Furst and Leger to settle between them which should go; each wished to have the preference, and feared to lose this opportunity of avoiding a wretched end; while they were disputing, the Indian motioned me to come, and, after telling me that he guessed the reason of the apparent dispute between my two comrades, he said he would only take me into the canoe, and without giving me time to answer, he dragged me in, and put off.

Mr. Furst and Mr. Leger gave themselves up as lost; their cries expressed their despair; I could not resist them, and requested the Indian to put in shore to enable me to say a word of consolation to my comrades. When I got within speaking distance, I justified my course by telling them what the Indian had said. I advised them to follow the shore, and promised them,

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on the word of a priest, that, as soon as I reached the Indian cabin, I would come for them in a canoe. They knew me incapable of perjury; this assurance consoled them, and without distrust they saw us put out to sea.

That day we landed; the Indian took his canoe on his shoulders, carried it near the wood, and laid it on the snow. As I was tired from being so long on my knees in the canoe, I was resting on a rock near the shore. After a while, believing that the Indian was kindling a fire to sleep there, I took my gun, two paddles, and two large pieces of meat, which I had taken to save Mr. Furst and Mr. Leger the trouble of carrying them, and I ascended the heaps of ice, which were at least six feet high. No sooner was I at the top, than I saw that my Indian and his wife had put on their snow-shoes, a kind of frame used by the Canadians to go faster over the snow; the man carried the child on his back, and both were running as fast as they could. The cries I uttered to stop them only made them redouble the celerity of their course. I at once threw down my paddles, descended the ice mound, and, with my gun and meat, followed their trail for some time.

While climbing the mound of ice, I wounded myself quite badly in the right leg, and the pain was renewed every time that I sank in the snow as I ran along, that is to say, every moment. I could no longer breathe, and had to stop several times to take breath, and to rest on the muzzle of my gun. I was in this posture, when I heard Mr. Leger's voice—this meeting gave us both extreme pleasure. I told him what had occurred, and he, on his side, told me that Mr. Furst, overcome with fatigue, had been unable to follow him, and that he had

left him stretched out on the snow, at a place quite remote from where we were.

In any other circumstances, I should have flown to his assistance; but it was all-important for us to overtake our runaway. Mr. Leger, like myself, felt how much we risked in delaying any longer to follow his trail.

We instantly started for the place where I knew he had fled; but, as he had left the snow to take the sea-shore, which was low and sandy, we were stopped for some time. We kept on, however, and after walking a quarter of an hour, again struck on the trail of the Indian, who had taken off his snow-shoes, doubtless thinking that I had been unable to follow him thus far. This circumstance made us think that his cabin was not far off: we redoubled our speed, and, as we got near the wood, we heard the report of a gun; we did not think it worth while to answer it, for fear that, if it was fired by the Indian whom we were pursuing, he would resume his snow-shoes to fly with new swiftness, as soon as he knew we were so near.

We accordingly continued to walk on, and, soon after the first report, we heard another; this made us suspect that the Indian wished to light a fire there, to rest with his wife and child, after satisfying himself that he was not followed. This conjecture was false, as you will soon see.

Ten minutes after the second report, we heard a third, of which we saw the flash; no answer from us; we advanced in silence. On our way, we found a large boat on which somebody had been working the day before, and twenty steps further, we saw a large cabin. We entered

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with the air which suited our situation; the tone of
suppliants was the only one that became us; we took it
at first, but the old man, who spoke French, would not
permit us to continue it.

"Are not all men equals?" said he, "at least ought
they not to be? Your misfortune is a title to respect,
and I regard it as a favor, that Heaven, by bringing
you here, gives me an opportunity to do good to men,
whom misery still pursues. I only require of you to
tell me what has befallen you, since you were cast on
this island; I should be glad to sympathize with you
over your past sufferings; my sensibility will be a new
consolation."

At the same time, he ordered them to cook our meat
with peas, and spare nothing, to show that humanity is
as much a virtue of the American Indian, as of more
civilized people. When this old man had given his
orders, he begged us to gratify his curiosity; I endeavor-
ed to forget none of the circumstances which you
know attended our misfortune, and, after having finished
my story, I begged the old man to tell me why the two
Indians, whom we had seen in the depth of our misery,
had refused to help us.

"Indians," said he, "tremble at the mere name of
sickness, and all my arguments have not yet dispelled
the terror which still fills all whom you see in this
cabin. It is not that they are insensible to the misery of
their brethren; they would fain help them, but the fear
of breathing a tainted air checks the impulses of their
hearts, which are naturally compassionate. They fear
death, not like other men, but to such a degree, that I
know not what crimes they would not commit, to avoid it.

Here," said he, pointing to an Indian behind the others, "this is the one who broke his word to you; he came here early in the month, and told us the wretched state in which he had seen the Frenchmen, whom he supposed all dead by that time, and whom he would have willingly assisted, but for the corruption among them. Here is the other," continued the old man, pointing to the one whom I had pursued, "he got here an hour before you, and told us that there were still three Frenchmen alive, that they were no longer near their dead companions, that they were in health, and could, he thought, be aided without risk of bringing infection with them; we deliberated a moment, and then sent one towards the quarter where you were, to show you, by three reports of a gun, where our cabin was. Your sick, alone, prevented our going to help you, and we should, perhaps, have gone, if we had not been assured that the aid we might send, would be of no use to you, and might be of great injury to us, as your cabin was filled and surrounded with infected air, which it would be very dangerous to breathe."

Such language in the mouth of a man belonging to a nation whom a false prejudice makes us suppose incapable of thinking or reasoning, and to whom we unjustly deny sentiment and expression, surprised me greatly. I even avow, that to have the idea of Indians which I give you, it did not need less than my seeing them.

When the old man got through, I endeavored to express all the gratitude which we felt. I begged him to accept my gun, which its goodness and ornaments, for it was covered with them, raised in value above all those in the cabin. I then told him that fatigue had pre-

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Indian behind the others, said word to you ; he came told us the wretched state of the Frenchmen, whom he suspected whom he would have seen corruption among them. The old man, pointing to the old, "he got here an hour ago were still three Frenchmen longer near their dead health, and could, he speak of bringing infection at the moment, and then sent you were, to show you, where our cabin was. Your going to help you, and we had not been assured could be of no use to you, as your cabin was infected air, which it would of a man belonging to a makes us suppose incapable, and to whom we unjustly on, surprised me greatly. The idea of Indians which I than my seeing them. Through, I endeavored to which we felt. I begged him goodness and ornaments, for sed in value above all those him that fatigue had pre-

vented one of our comrades from following us, and that it would be the crowning of his kindness if he would send two men to enable them to reach us. My entreaties were useless ; Indians fear to go out by night, and nobody would undertake to go to the relief of Mr. Furst. They promised me, however, that they would go early next morning ; this refusal gave me much pain ; the old man perceived it, and, to console me said, that it would be quite useless to try, and find my friend in the dark, as he had no gun to show where he was, and that it was better to wait for daylight. Mr. Furst accordingly spent the night in the snow, where God alone could shield him from death, for, even in the cabin, we endured inexpressible cold. The Indians never make a fire when they lie down ; they have not even blankets, and consequently we spent a very poor night. The next day, as we were preparing to go after Mr. Furst, we saw him arrive ; our footprints had guided him, and to overtake us he had profited by the time when the snow, hardened by the night's cold, does not yield to the weight of a man walking. Our first care was to warm him, we then gave him some food, and we showed one another the joy we felt to be together again.

We spent the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of April with the Indians ; they seemed to be jealous who would show us most attention, and endeavored to surpass each other in this respect. Bear meat and caribou did not fail us those two days, and they took care to give us the most delicate morsels. I know not whether the duties of hospitality are better fulfilled by Europeans than by these Indians. At least I am tempted to believe that these fulfil them with far better grace.

On the first of May, they launched the large boat ; we all embarked and set sail ; the wind failed us towards noon, at about six leagues from the main land. This accident afflicted me ; I feared to be unable to relieve soon enough such of our comrades as had survived at the place of the shipwreck. This fear made me entreat the old man to give me two men, with a bark canoe to go ashore. I tried to induce him to grant my request by promising to send tobacco and brandy to all in the large boat, as soon as I got to the French. Much as he would have liked to oblige me, he first consulted before making me any promise, and it was not without difficulty that they paid any attention to my request. They feared that a trip of six leagues was too long for a canoe, and they did not wish to expose us to perish. We accordingly started, and about half-past eleven o'clock in the evening we reached land. I entered the house of the French ; the first whom I saw was Mr. Volant, a native of St. German-en-Laye, my friend and master of this post. I could not fall into better hands ; I found in a single man the sincere desire and real power of serving me. He did not recognize me at first, and in fact I was not recognizable ; as soon as I told him my name, he lavished marks of friendship on me, and the pleasure we had in embracing each other was extreme on both sides. I told him first to what I was bound ; with regard to the Indians he kept my promise, and each one of our liberators had liquor and tobacco. They arrived there only at ten o'clock in the morning ; till that time I was recounting to Mr. Volant all that had happened to me, and I insisted especially on the fate of the twenty-four men who

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were at the wreck. My friend was the more touched
by it as they were still in pain. He immediately fitted
out a boat to go to their relief and to discover, if possible,
whether any one of the eleven men of the small boat
was still alive. When he got to the neighborhood of
our shipwreck, he fired several guns to make himself
heard by those whom we had left there ; at the same
time he saw four men who fell on their knees, and with
clasped hands begged him to save their lives. Their
wasted faces, so to speak, the sound of their voice, which
told that they were on the brink of the grave, and their
cries, pierced the heart of Mr. Volant. He advanced to
them, gave them some food, but with moderation for
fear of killing them, by overloading their system sud-
denly. In spite of this wise precaution, one of these
four men, named Fenguay, a Breton by birth, died after
drinking a glass of brandy.

My friend had the twenty-one men buried who had
died since we left them, and brought off the other three
who had borne up against hardship, hunger, and the
severity of the season ; they were, however, far from
being in perfect health ; one of them, named Tourrillet,
the master's mate from the department of Brest, was
slightly deranged, and the other two, by name, Boudet
and Bonau, both from Isle Rhé, were swollen over the
whole body.

Good food and the care we took of them restored
them, if not perfectly, at least enough to enable them to
start with us for Quebec.

Returning, Mr. Volant perceived, near the shore, one
who seemed to have been drowned, and some fragments
of a canoe ; he advanced to make sure of what he per-

ceived ; and by firing several times, endeavored to see whether there was any one there ; no one appeared ; there was no answer, and all I can say is, that thirteen men died of cold and hunger, as my friend saw a kind of cabin some distance from the shore, which proved that they had landed and, finding no relief there, had perished miserably.

It is useless, I believe, to tell you the feelings which we experienced, when we saw the three men arrive who had escaped from the shipwreck ; you may imagine how touching it was, and how little tears were spared.

After tenderly embracing each other, I asked them how they had been able to live till then, and how the others had died ; they told me that cold and hunger had carried off a part of their comrades, and that the others had been consumed by ulcers horrible to look upon ; that, for themselves, having become destitute of all food, they had eaten the very shoes of their deceased comrades after boiling them in snow-water, and roasting them on coals ; and this resource having failed, they had even eaten the leather breeches of those whom death had carried off ; and that they had only one or two, when Mr. Volant had come to their relief.

You see well, that the condition of these poor people had not been less deplorable than ours, and they had, perhaps, suffered much more than we, if for nothing else than the necessity of eating the very garments of those comrades whom they had lost. We remained nearly six weeks at Mingan, all which time we spent in thanking God for having preserved us amid so many dangers, and we did not pass a day without imploring

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his mercy, for the souls of forty-eight men who had
perished since our shipwreck.

The *Sieur Leger* left us, and started for Labrador,
intending to go to France on a *St. Malo* ship, and, on
the 8th of June, we took the occasion of a small craft
to return to Quebec. The wind was so favorable, that,
on the evening of the 13th, we landed. All were
amazed to see us again; they thought us in France;
every one eagerly asked us what had brought us back,
and what had happened to us after our departure. We
satisfied the curiosity of those whose attachment to us
made them interested in all that concerned us.

The next day, they conveyed to the hospital the
three sailors whom *Mr. Volant* had found at the place
of our shipwreck. *Mr. Furst* and I, each did, for our
part, what was necessary to restore us completely. As
soon as my Superiors saw that I was a little better, they
gave me the little parish of *Soulanges*, which I served
for a year; I then received a second obedience to go to
France. I accordingly embarked as chaplain, on board
the king's ship, "*Le Rubis*," commanded by *Mr. De*
la Joncaire, *Capitaine de Haut-Bord*.

We left Quebec the 21st of October, 1738, and, on
the 2d of December, we entered *Port Louis*, in *Brittany*,
to get some provisions, for we were running out. We
remained there about twenty days, and left it on the 22d,
with the "*Facon*," commanded by the *Marquis de*
Chavagnac, who came from *Cape Breton*.

About midnight, we anchored for about two hours, off
Belle Isle, to wait for a wind; we then made sail for
Rochefort, which we reached next day, and there my
duties detained me till all was unloaded.

Some days after, I started for Paris, whence I was sent to Douay, in Flanders. Here I remained, till early in 1740, when I was appointed Vicar of our Convent of Avesnes, in Hainaut. I arrived there on the 25th of January, the same day that I had left it, sixteen years before. My Superiors, in sending me to that house, had expected that some years' stay in my native country would completely restore me, after the hardships I had undergone in my travels. I had conceived the same hope, but it turned out quite the reverse; my stomach could no longer bear the food of that part; I had, so to speak, acquired a new constitution; repose was injurious to me, and I had to accustom myself to it gradually. This made me solicit from my Superiors an obedience to return to Paris, the air of which suited me much better than that of my province. They were kind enough to grant my request, and when I was perfectly well, they appointed me chaplain in the French army, commanded by the Marshal Maillebois.

Such, my dear brother, is the account of my voyages and shipwrecks. I hope you will be better satisfied with it, than with what I sent you first. You may rest assured, that I have stated nothing that is not in accordance with strict truth. I hope, indeed, that the rumors which begin to prevail, have some foundation; I should soon have the pleasure of embracing you at Frankfort, and of proving to you that I am, and shall be all my life, with the sincerest friendship, dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, June 18, 1742.

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